THE Present State OF ENGLAND.

IT was not an unpleasant Conceit of the Painter, who undertaking to draw the Inhabitants of all Countries in their several Garbs or Habits, when he came to dress the *Englishman*, being sensible of his Inconstancy as to his Apparel, and that he could not so quickly draw him in any Dress, but he would be as quickly out of it, both to avoid the inconvenience and represent his fickleness, painted a Taylor by him with his Scissors, and all other Materials ready to cut him out what Fashion he pleased: But it would make any sensible Man's Heart bleed to think, that if he should attempt to represent the *Present State of the English Nation*, they are in such a continual Change from *bad* to *worse*, and running so fast down-hill headlong to Destruction, that he could not so speedily represent their *State*, but that they would be gone beyond it, and in a far worse Condition than when he set to work upon it. Nor is it the last Symptome of a desperate and incurable Disease, that they are insensible of their Ills, and brave themselves, and dote on that which brings certain Ruine upon them. I do not see any hopes that they are like to recover their Wits, and yet in tender Compassion to my *Native Country*, I cannot forbear to make an offer to lay their Condition before them, wishing to see a better effect of it than I have any reason to hope.

And to begin with the Head, *which is none of our own*, and therefore no ways likely to afford us any sound or *vital* Influence: We violated all the *Laws* of *God* and *Man*, and proceeded against all Rules of *Conscience* and *Honesty*, that we might set him on the Throne; and in a *just Requital* he breaks through all our *Constitutions* and makes it his whole study and business to ruine us, if not to *extirpate* us from being a *Nation*. A sedulous promoter of *Popery* in *Ireland*, a rigid *Presbyterian* in *Scotland*, a formal *Papist* at *Brussels*, of all Religions in *Holland*, and of none in *England*. A Man void both of *Conscience* and *Honour*, but wholly made up of *Ambition*, *Cruelty* and *Ill-Nature*; one who never kept his Word, unless *Interest* compelled him, nor ever gave it but with a design to break it if it might serve his purpose, and ensnare others; of which all his Declarations at his coming in are an undeniable Instance, as also his taking a formal Oath, that he would never accept the *Stadtholdership* of the *United Netherlands*,

Lords, which he did with deſign to attain it. Of a moſt ſordidly covetous and tenacious Prince of *Orange*, become the moſt prodigiouſly profuſe K. of *England* that ever yet was, or perhaps ever can be again. Not to mention the great ſuperfluous Preſents to his *Brethren in Iniquity*, and his expenſive and needleſs building all at our Charge. It were enough to awaken a Man out of a dead ſleep only to ſee in a Dream what we really behold with our Eyes; our Money given to the *Confederates*, our Ships to the *Parish*, our Trade to the *Dutch*, our Youth to the *Slaughter*, our Corn ſent to *Foreign Store-houſes*, and Foreigners in vaſt Numbers daily brought in upon us, who eat up our Bread, whilſt our *Poor* are ready to ſtarve, who are not only for the moſt part maintained by him with our Money, but alſo arm'd, that at a Signal given they may fall on and butcher the Natives, and poſſeſs the Land alone: He has been all along, and ſtill is guided by *Foreign Councils*; he has in defiance of the Parliamen's Requeſt put Foreigners into Places of the greateſt Truſt and Power; he perfectly hates and fears the *Engliſh*, and knowing that he has ſo unpardonably abuſed and diſobliged them (if they have any Eyes to ſee, or Senſes to feel;) he now thinks it his Intereſt and only way to eſtabliſh his Throne by ſupporting it with Foreigners, and putting them in poſſeſſion of all, which he is doing as faſt as he can. Is not this a fine *Spark* for us to dote on? Or did ever Men in their Wits pick out ſuch a *Monſter* to make a *Saviour of their Nation*?

It is ſcarce poſſible that the *Body* ſhould eſcape when the *Head* contrives its Deſtruction, but we have a Sovereign Remedy at Hand, our old Phyſician an *Engliſh Parliament* can cure all Diſeaſes: Thus we flatter our ſelves, and vainly worſhip *Idols* which turns to our Ruine. I do not ſay but that there are ſome brave Souls amongſt them, who whilſt they labour under the ſad Diſcouragement of ſtruggling to no purpoſe for their *Country's Intereſt*, yet ſtill retain the Courage and Conſtancy to be true to it; but the greateſt part of them, eſpecially among the *Commons*, are the vileſt Men that ever drew Breath, and ſo falſe and treacherous to their *Country's Intereſt*, that even Strangers and Enemies ſtand aghaſt, and bluſh at their ſhameleſs Baſeneſs; of *Engliſh Repreſentatives* they are become *Dutch Penſioners*, and have given more Money to a P. of *O.* in five Years laſt paſt, than has been given to all our *Lawful Natural Kings* for above five hundred Years before; and that Money is continually ſent away in vaſt Sums, beyond the Seas, never to return, ſo that there is a ſcarcity of Coin already (little being left but clipp'd and waſh'd Money) and if it ſhould hold two Years longer a Man may then bleſs himſelf at the ſight of a *Silver Six-pence*. But this is not the only Feat our *Patriots* have done for us: They (who ought to have been the *Guardians* of them) have given up our very *Conſtitutions* and *Laws*, our *Liberties* and *Rights*; and though they ſometimes make a little buſtle to amuſe the People, yet there is nothing demanded which they do not comply with, and even now are paſſing an *Act for the Naturalization of Foreigners*, and to enable them to ſet up in all *Corporations* and great *Towns*, which will draw in upon us all the *Scum* of *Europe*, and in fine utterly ſuppreſs the *Natives*. In ſhort they are meer *Tools*, in the *Dutchman's* Hand, to work their *Country's*, and at laſt their own *Ruine*. And ſo farewel all hopes of a *Parliament*, *Deſtruction*, not any *Good*, is now to be look'd for from that *Quarter*.

Let us now take a View amongſt the ſeveral *Ranks of Men* which make up the Body of the Kingdom; and in the firſt place we ought to ſalute our *Nobility*, here to ore inferiour to none in *Europe*, and I wiſh I could ſay in nothing degenerated from their *Anceſtors*; though I think there is a great deal of difference between a hoſpitable way of living and having their Countrey at command, and the creeping into a *Garret* with a *Whore* and a *Foot-Boy*. However I cannot think that they now look upon their *New Maſter* as any *Grand Bleſſing*. Some few of them, who by Diſcontent or Covetouſneſs are throughly *Dutchyfied*, he employs as his Drudges; but when he has made his Ends of them, or they in the leaſt diſpleaſed, they are turn'd off with diſgrace; as for the reſt they are treated with *Scorn* and *Contempt*: And either one of the

Lords

Lords States a *Cheſſmonger*, or a *Bruting* who came with his Pack at his Back to beg a Service at the *Loo*, are higher in his Eſtimation than all the *Engliſh Nobles* who attend his *Mottly Dutch-Engliſh-Court*; and if they look not well about them in time, they may live to ſee their Titles and Eſtates given as a Reward to *Foreign Commanders*; and yet theſe are his *Humble Servants*, and tamely yield to the moſt dirty things that their *Little King*, or the *Commons*, can impoſe upon them. But why many of our *Nobility* ſhould be tainted with, and hotly purſue *Democratick Principles*, I am able to give no account, unleſs it be that they have a mind to be voted uſeleſs; and indeed they are little ſet by already, being impriſoned at pleaſure, and detained there contrary to Law, and the Rod conſtantly kept over them to keep them in awe.

If in the next place we make a Viſit to the *Gentry*; they are indeed very conſiderable for Eſtates, Intereſt and Courage; but then they are ſo wofully divided, ſo full of Animoſities amongſt themſelves, and ſo leavened with variety of inconſiſtent Principles, that they are fitter to run the *Nation* into Confuſion, than to ſet it on any firm Bottom: But leaſt their *Common Intereſt* ſhould in time open their Eyes, and teach them to unite for their *Common Right* and their *Country's Good*, effectual Courſes have been taken to break their Power and Strength. At firſt thoſe who were not Abettors of the *Mob*, were either actually haraſſed or continually awed and threatned by them; and it is a burning Shame to mention what Spoil they made in gutting *Honeſt Gentlemen's Houſes*, driving their *Grounds*, and impriſoning and abuſing their *Perſons*, ſo that many loſt their Lives as well as their Eſtates; and all this Barbarity and Injuſtice ſo far from being puniſhed, that it was highly encouraged; and to crown the Fact our *Godly Parliament* eſtabliſheth *Wickedneſs* by a *Law*, and make *All* after *All* to ſave them indemnified for all this *Villany*. But now the *Mob* goes a begging, and the *Dutch God*, whom they worſhipped, ſends away the Bread they ſhould Eat; and never let any *Engliſhman* expect better Reward who ſerves a *Dutch Intereſt* againſt his *own*: And doubtleſs this was foreſeen and intended, and therefore other ways were taken to ſuppreſs the *Gentry*. And one effectual means to this end, was by making Lands bear in a manner the whole Charge of the War, and all the *Little Gentlemen's* Exravagancies, and that by Taxes in a very high and unequal meaſure: For thoſe who would not *damn their Souls* to *ſave their Eſtates*, by taking an *unlawful Oath* contrary to a former *lawful Oath*, were doubly taxed; and many of their Eſtates were ſo over-valued, that they were not leſs than treble taxed. Some Gentlemen for a while pleaſed themſelves by thus inſulting over their Neighbours; but now thoſe who have paid leaſt, find they have no cauſe to laugh at their Part; for the Taxes have lain ſo heavy and ſo long on all, that many are ſcarce able to keep open Doors; and if the Taxes continue a few Years longer, thoſe who were ſo haſty to undoe others may ſhut up Shop themſelves, and ſo *Swett William* makes both thoſe that were for him, and thoſe that were againſt him, at laſt to meet at *Beggars-Buſh*. But I wonder what ſhould bewitch our Gentlemen, to think that he who was bred among *Boors*, and has not one Gentile Quality, ſhould have any reſpect for Gentry: They might have more reaſonably inferr'd, that he who is ſo jealous of his Power, that he is an irreconcileable Enemy of any thing that can diſturb it, would certainly break theirs, if all his Wit and Strength could perform it: And in his Hands I leave them pretty well weakened already, and e're long to be utterly undone, if they take no better care of themſelves and their Countrey in time. There are many things ſeem to preſage this, I ſhall only inſtance in one. There can ſcarce be a ſhrewder Sign of a Sinking Gentry, than for them to mortgage their Eſtates, and after not to be able to pay ſo much as the *Intereſt Money*, which, like a Canker, in a little time infallibly eats out all. Now I will not ſay, that there hath been little *Intereſt Money* of this nature paid for three Years laſt paſt; but if any deſire to be ſatisfied in this matter, he may repair to the Principal *Scriveners* in and about the City of *London*, and from them he may have a more *true* than *pleaſant Account*. It muſt be confeſſed that ſome

few have got Eſtates by being his *Tools*, but he can *ſqueeze* the *Sponges* at his pleaſure, and he only ſpares them, as Gardners do their Bread and Butter, to eat that laſt where the Butter is thickeſt.

Now if you pleaſe let us take a walk to the *Exchange*, and hear what News among the *Merchants* and *Tradeſmen*: Leſs then two Years ſince you might there have heard the *Hubblan*'s and Sir *Limerick Furnace* telling *WONDERS* but the *Sparks* are ſtruck dumb of late, and others have leave to ſpeak; and little ſhall you hear but Complaints of great and inſupportable *Loſſes*, and the ill condition Trade is in. Our bleſſed Parliament have ſufficiently mortified the *Eaſt-India Company*, and have kept that Trade ſo long under an idle Debate, till the *Dutch* have got it in a manner wholly from us; and the ſtopping the *Turky Fleet* (who might have gone ſafly) till the *French* were ready to receive them, looks as if they were deſignedly given into *their* hands, and I wiſh we may have a better account of that which is now gone out; the greateſt part of our *Weſt India* Veſſels come ſhort home, and we hear of daily loſſes, and great Dealers breaking; and I fairly refer it to Sir *Joſiah Child*, if of the fourteen outward bound Trades he mention, he can now make us good Sharers in ſo few of them. Some are undone and can no trade, others are deterr'd with the difficulties of trade, ſome follow a fickly ſhifting trade and would make the World believe there is ſomething to do; whilſt others ſtick not to ſay, that our Foreign Trade is loſt, and that we muſt fight for it before we can have it again, and when we ſhall be in a condition to do that, I leave them to gueſs who are wiſer: But I think a Man may adventure to ſay, without fear of being condemned for a Witch that it will not be, whilſt that Man reigns here, whoſe Buſineſs and Intereſt it is to advance and ſecure the Trade of our Rivals the *Dutch*. But then if we look amongſt our In-land Tradeſmen and Workers of all ſorts of Commodities, they either have nothing to do or work for but ſo or nothing; and if you look for many of them, you ſhall ſooner find them begging in the Streets or By-ways, than labouring in their Shops or Work houſes; and this is not ſo much the hard Fate of the *Times*, as the Deſign of the *State*, who think they ſhall want no Souldiers if they can make Beggers enough; and this is the very true Reaſon, why the *Workers Act* hath been ſometime ſo dutifully baffled, and ſtill meets with Demurrs and Delays. I nor this an excellent way to enrich an *Iſland* which cannot ſubſiſt without Trade?

A mouthfull of *Country-Air* might now be a little refreſhing after all the ſmoak, noiſe and dirt of the *City*, were not even that alſo infected with the lamentable *Cry's* of *miſerable People*: The High-ways ſwarm with Beggers, and not a Village wherein there are not ſeveral Families ready to ſtarve. Thoſe *Maſters* of *Miſrule* the *Mob*, (whoſe Provinder prick'd them in the former Reigns, and who were ſo buſy and furious in driving on this *Revolution*) are now ready to leap at a Cruſt, and think themſelves happy if once in a Week they ſee themſelves Maſters of a few *Leaden Farthings*. Taxes, Aſſeſſments to the Poor, and other incidental and Pariſh Charges take up at leaſt half Mens Eſtates, and ever and anon others break and run away with the reſt; ſo that nobody will imploy any more Workmen than of neceſſity he muſt, upon which account many are ready to famiſh for want of work: And as for thoſe who get a little work when they have their Money for it, every thing is ſo dear, that they cannot lay it out to ſuch advantage, but that they are forc'd to take up with many a pinch-gut Meal; and the hungry Belly devours all; ſo that no thing is left for the Back, but they walk up and down ſwaggering in their Rags, like ſo many *Grimalkins*, which are uſed to be ſet up to feare the Birds away. I muſt be acknowledged, that of all Sorts of Men the Farmers have made the beſt Shift in this *Revolution*: But *Little-WILL* is not pleaſed that any ſhould thrive, or that any Ranks of Men ſhould agree with one another; as laying it down for a certain Maxime that whilſt all are divided and fall on upon each other, they will be unable to attempt nothing againſt him; and therefore all Arts imaginable are uſed to put the poorer ſort of People in a ferment, and by perſwading them that the Farmer makes Corn dear, to ſet them a madding and to break out into open Violence, and

to

rob their Houſes and Barns; which is juſt the Fable reverſed, *of the Hands refuſing to feed the Belly*, for there the *Belly* comolains of the *Hands* for feeding it. Their *Good King* ſhips away the Coin, and ſend his Souldiers (as at *Colcheſter* and other places) to impriſon or knock out their Brains who would oppoſe it: This in courſe enhanceth the Price, and then he bids them rail at the Farmer for making it dear, without whoſe Induſtry in tilling the Land neither he nor they, nor we ſhould have Bread to put in our Head: and if they ſhould meet with ſuch diſcouragement as to neglect to till the Ground, we muſt all ſtarve; and the unreaſonable Tax which is now endeavoured to be laid upon *Stock* looks like a fair Step towards it.

This makes me ſick of the *Country*, and I have now a Months mind to go on Board and try my Fortune at *Sea*; but I doubt I ſhall not venture my ſelf there, I hear ſuch dreadful Complaints from that Quarter. The *Admirals* themſelves are toſs'd like *Tennis-balls*; and the *Little Gentleman* is raving mad, that he cannot hang them for doing their Duty; they would have gone with the *Turky Fleet* to ſee them paſt Dungar, but the *Dutch* peremptorily oppoſed it, and they were over-born for want of Commiſſions: It was concealed from them, that the *French Fleet* was out from the 28th of *May* to the 21ſt of *June*; and when they had notice, they had ſtrickt Orders to ſail between ſuch and ſuch places and no further; and the Devil was in the *French*, if they would come thither when they knew it, and could ſafely buſy themſelves to better advantage elſewhere. *Tuſcan* it ſelf was ſwaggeringly hang'd by Land, and all through its own Sillineſs, which ſeems to move him mad, that they were not beaten by Sea, though he had taken particular care that they ſhould not fight; both *Lords* and *Commons* quit them, but *Willy* would not; and good reaſon for it, the turd was his own and thoſe are cowards indeed, who will not ſuffer to cover his *Crimes* and *Vices* for his *Follies*. But though he came to make a Sacrifice of the *Admirals* to the People, that the poor *Seamen* might go to work: At firſt they were kill'd with Working Victuals but not a Farthing intended, but with that they fight for nothing; for whether they beat the *French* or not, they get no Pay, whilſt their Wives and Children are Starving on Shoar, they are kept more like *Princes* than *Sea-men* on board. In our former Sea War the Sea-men had the benefit of a Winter-Voyage, and by that means got a pretty Gubb of Money for themſelves and their Families, beſides the *Kings Pay*, but the *Dutch-Gentleman* will neither pay himſelf, nor ſuffer them to get a Penny of any Body elſe, but coops them up cloſe at Sea as well when there is nothing to do as when there is buſineſs; and if they demand any Pay, they are preſently hang'd at the *Yard arm*, and that *quits all Scores*. Perhaps it will be ſaid, that they are detain'd in the Winter, becauſe they dare not truſt them, and they would not return in the *Spring*; and what if this be true? Do you think it any Argument of their good Uſage? They are treated like Dogs or Slaves, and can any Man blame them for being unwilling to return to ſuch a State, if they can once get out of it? *Engliſh men* have ſtrangly loſt their old Temper, if they will contentedly ſerve any Maſter for ill hanging, and no Pay; but I muſt needs ſay, that they have been wickedly ſeconded of late; for they have done ten times more in this kind for a *Dogged Dutch-Boor* than ever they would for any *Natural* and *Lovely King*: For if they had been behind but a fourth part, in any of the former Reigns, of what they are now, they would have been ready to pull down *White Hall*, and tear in peices all the *Pen Maſters* in *England*. But there are ſome talk about Policy, that it is now like to be better with them for many of them may be ſtarved, and the *Parliament* need not give themſelves the Trouble of making an *Act* to compel *Seamen* to come into their *Maieſties Services*; becauſe not only our Merchant's ſhips, but (which was never before underſtood) our Men of War go to *France*; and it what have been loſt and what have been taken were cloſely caſt up, they a hundredth part of the *Royal Navy* is ſome months we could but once ſee *Flying Officers* and *Admirals* at Sea as [illegible] *Colonels* in *Land* [illegible]

of the *Navy* to the *Dutch*, and then we ſhould have no need of any *Seamen* at all. Beware you live not to ſee ſuch Days.

Well, the *Sea* doth not agree with me, though I know not well how to beſtow my ſelf; but now I think on't we have not yet been amongſt the Souldiers, and I care not for once if I try whether we can find any better Quarters there. But hark in your Ear! Grinning Honour looks not very pleaſantly, and it is an ugly thing to be hang'd for Example: It is a common Cry, that moſt of the *Commiſſion-Officers* meanly truckle to *Forreign Commanders*: And as for the Common Souldiers, if they will not readily go without their Pay to be ſtarv'd or brain'd beyond-Sea, they are preſently tyed to a Stake and ſhot to Death to terrify others. They have been cozened almoſt all along of above half their Pay, with a hard Word, called *Subſiſtanta-Money*; but even that for ſome Months paſt hath been with-held, So that our *Hero* is bringing up them, as the Gentleman did his *Horſe*, to live of *nothing*; though I am apt to think that the *Country* muſt pay for the *Experiment*: But it is very hard, that whilſt they pay *Taxes* ſo plentifully, they muſt alſo provide *Free Quarter*.

I am not willing to oppreſs my *Country*, and yet cannot live of nothing, and therefore Farewell *Souldiers*. The *Term* comes on, and I will try one Turn in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, where ſome ſay is the beſt Air in *England*, and if I were either *Chancellor* or *Lord Chief Juſtice*, it would be a ſtrong Temptation to think ſo; but upon ſecond Thoughts I am reſolved not to be a *Judge*, for ſome rude Fellows ſay it is little better than to be a *Licenſed Murderer*; that they muſt do every thing, right or wrong, which may ſerve the Governments Ends, and that all the Fountains of *Law* are damm'd up: I hear daily Complaints, how many have been kill'd in Priſon with barbarous uſage, others openly hang'd contrary to *Law*, divers pining away in Goals under *unreaſonable Fines*, which they are never able to pay, and purpoſely laid to make them *everlaſting Priſoners*, though it would be a hard matter to find what was their *Crime* in *Law*; and every *Seſſions* furniſheth us with more Stories of ſuch: And do but ſcandalize any Man as *diſaffected*, and he ſhall not be ſuffered to recover his *juſt Debts*, nor permitted quietly to trade. If this be *Law*, God deliver me and every *Honeſt Man* from it; if any Man ſhould ſue me for my *Cloak* (if I had one) he ſhould take my *Coat* alſo, rather than I would ſtand it.

The *Law* affords little Comfort; What ſhall I do now? I am in a worſe condition than *Noah's Dove*, for I have no place where to ſet the Sole of my Foot, nor any *Ark* to fly to, for I know not now where to go, unleſs it be to *Court*; But what ſhould I do there? I can neither ſpeak *Dutch* nor play the *Knave*; and if I had any thing to carry thither they would certainly chouſe me of it, and therefore as the World is I can never make a *Courtier*: And yet ſee what a ſurvy Itch Men are troubled with; I have a longing mind to creep into the *Cabinet Council*, but then it's ten to one that ſome prying *Dutch Raſcal* would diſcover me, and I ſhould be lamentably maul'd, if not diſpatch'd, and ſo I had as good not attempt it: But for all that, as I walk'd that way, I heard a *Bird ſing* (and a *Tell-Tale Slut* ſhe is) That if they could but get a good luſty *Tax* from this *preſent Parliament*, they would neither want *them*, nor *any other* any more; That they were rather *pleaſed* than *offended* at the *ſeeming Difficulty* of raiſing *Souldiers*; for with their Money they could buy *Forreign Forces*, which, if the War continued, might make up their *Quota*; but if there were Peace, they would ſerve them for another purpoſe: That a great Prince, a mighty Man at *Arms*, called *Lewis* of *Baden*, was come over; though ſome ſuſpect him to be poor, becauſe a ſtout Boat laden with Money was forced to go and meet him in the *Downs*, before he could be fitted to come on Land, and therefore ſome take him for a *Phyſician* come to cure the *Exchequer* of a *Pluriſy*; and no doubt but he will make a good *Chriſtmas-Box* of it: But what would you ſay if his Buſineſs be to treat to ſell us *Forreign Veterane Troops*, of whom they would be heartily glad to be rid, (beſide getting Money to boot) if the War ceaſe? And if need be, though he is now going off, to return again, and play the After-game, and ſlip into the

the Head of the *Foreign Forces* ſent before him, and ſo puſh for all, and deſtroy *Engliſh Root* and *Branch*: For they can eaſily and unawares be watted hither from *Flanders*, and will ſerve for a double purpoſe, both to keep out King *JAMES* and enſlave the *Engliſh*; and then you need not trouble your Heads about Taxes, for they will take all: The beſt Eſtates they will certainly ſeize, and whom they ſuſpect, they will diſpatch; the reſt muſt be their *Gibeonites* and Slaves: And thus We, our Countrey, and Poſterity are loſt, and ſhall become a *By-word* and *Reproach* to all Generations.

I plainly ſee, that my *Countreymen* neither are, nor will be ſenſible of their Condition; but, as the *Jews* did by their Prophets, are ready to ſtone all thoſe who tell them of their Sins, and foretel the Judgments hanging over their Heads for their Sins; if they could ſee and repent, they might yet, by God's Bleſſing, be their own *Phyſitians*, and prevent their *Ruine*; but in all likelyhood within a few Months it will be too late: Which that God would prevent, for my dear Countrey's ſake, I ſhall not ceaſe to pray; whilſt at the ſame time I mourn to ſee them wilfully pulling *Deſtruction* upon their own Heads, and abuſing all who offer to hinder them.

FINIS.

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